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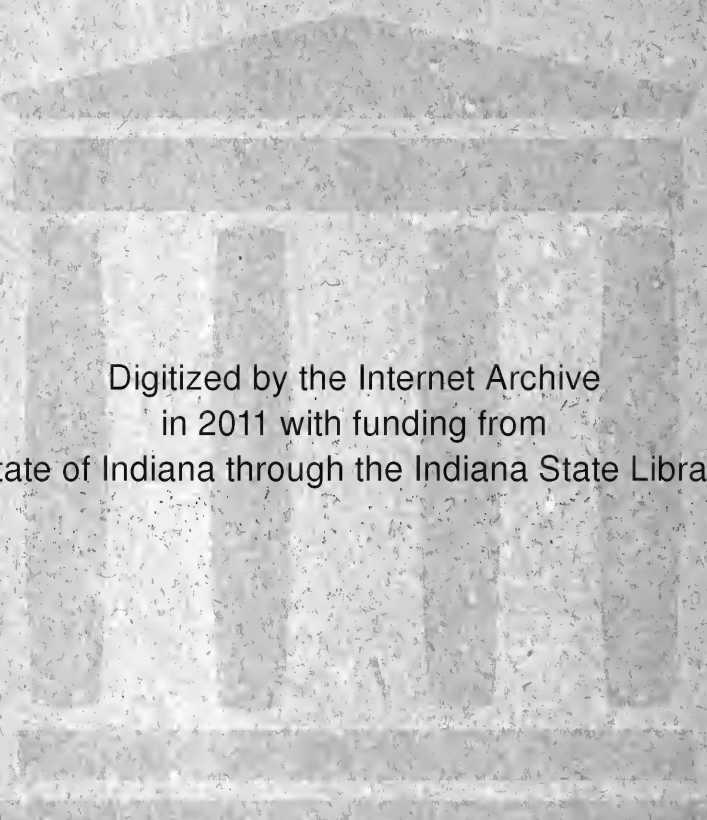
History

of the

Malabar Valley



FATHER AMBROSE PARE BENOIT



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THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MINISTER IN INDIANA

On the 15th of Sept., 1660, there was born of aristocratic parents a son at Laval, Mayenne, France. The mother was a great admirer of the French surgeon, Ambróse Pare, and in hopes that her beautiful boy would make his mark in the world called him Ambrose Pare Benoit.

Ambrose had no brothers or sisters and his most sympathizing playmate was Cecilia, the beautiful daughter of Perrie Racine. As the years sped on their attachment grew stronger, and when Ambrose was ready to enter the Academy of Medicine at Paris, they pledgd their eternal love and Cecilia gave into his charge a portrait of herself painted by an Italian artist as a token of her devotion to him.

Ambrose was naturally qualified to succeed as a surgeon. He was kind-hearted and sympathetic and very soeiable. He joined the Masonic Lodge of Rose Croix, and was a very enthusiastic member of the craft. His mother had a mind of her own and had picked out a wife for Ambrose from the nobility. When Cecilia learned of this she pined away and died the year Ambrose graduated in medicine. The loss of his sweetheart was more than he could bear. He became despondent and disgusted with the vanities of this world and concluded to devote his life to the ministry. He went over and entered a Jesuit Monistary near to Brussels, Belgium. He had loved oratory

and the orations of Cæcero were his especial delight, and all his superiors predicted a bright future for him in the conversion of souls to the Man of Gallilee.

When Ambrose was ordained a priest he learned that his mother had died and his father had married again, so he concluded not to return to Laval, but to go over to Havre and sail for the new world. It was his desire to go to Louisiana, but he was persuaded to go to Canada instead. He did not like Quebec or Montreal, so he concluded to come as far west as he could. He was acquainted with Perrie Marquette, who had told him of his religious works with the Indians. Consequently Ambrose came on to Detroit in 1770. He fell in with a French trader who was an interpreter of the Hurons and Miami dialects, and so Ambrose himself was not long in mastering the language of the Hurons and Miami Indians. He remained in Detroit all the spring of 1702, when Sines-de-Vincennes called for a priest to accompany him on his southern trip.

Ambrose packed all his baggage and belongings (for he never desired to return) in a birchbark canoe, the gift of an Indian friend, and when Sines-de-Vincennes and the balance of the party of adventurers were ready to start on their trip towards Louisiana, he joined them. They left Detroit and proceeded over to the mouth of the Maumee river in their pirogues. They followed the river up to its source and selected a place for a stockade next to an Indian village where Ft. Wayne now stands. They lingered some time at Ft. Wayne waiting for the water to go down so that they could take the land trail over to the source of the Wabash. They left their heavy pirogues at Ft. Wayne and

traded for lighter ones when they reached the navigatable part of the Wabash river.

Their first stop of any notice on the Wabash was at LaFayette where they found quite an Indian village. They located a stockade more for a trading post than a means of defense, as the Indians all along their journey welcomed them with outstretched hands and were ready and willing to help them. It was the first of autumn when they left LaFayette and proceeded southward until they reached the beautiful Indian village of Chip-pi Ko-kee. They passed by this settlement and immediately south of it landed, and Frances Morgan Sieur-de-Vincennes took possession of the country in the name of King Louis XIV. of France. They left sufficient room for a stockade, formed in procession and proceeded southward, consecrated a piece of ground and planted a cross thereon. The chief of the Miamis were delighted when Father Benoit could talk to them in their language, and he captured their hearts at once, and so when he expressed a desire to erect a place of shelter to worship in, the warriors contrary to their custom, gave him their aid.

There were two rules with the Jesuits in regard to the location of a chapel. First they required an unobstructed river front, and second they would never build on the east side of a fort, as the smoke and dust would interfere with the incense on the altar. This is the reason that all surveys started from the river.

In 1703 there appeared to be a general religious awakening and almost every Miami in this vicinity embraced the Christian religion. Father Benoit treated the Indians quite differently than Cootes did in Mixico or

Pizarre in Peru. He followed the teachings of the cross and treated the Indians as brothers, and the result was they reciprocated to the fullest extent. He was a skillful surgeon and when the medicine man failed to relieve their sufferings he would apply his knowledge to their care. He was brave as a lion and harmless as a dove. He could adapt himself to every condition of life and when the balance of his party left him alone and returned to Detroit to report their discoveries, he would wrap his blanket around him and lay down to peaceful slumbers in the wigwam of the Indian with as much composure as he would in his downy bed of ease in far away France.

Father Benoit was a very magnetic man, and when he preached his whole countenance was radiant with the fire of the spirit, and it was very easy for the Miami Indians who had been worshippers of the planets to regard him as more than a common mortal. He lived just what he preached, and the result was that he had the unbounded confidence of the red man. He was a skilled diplomat, and the Miamiis always left their foreign or domestic quarrels for him to arbitrate, and his decisions were final. He worked like a trogan for five long years and finding his health was failing he sent to Detroit for an assistant. He used to take great pleasure in withdrawing himself from the boisterous young bucks of the Miami and go down to his retreat to a beautiful mound two miles south of the village. In the fall of 1707, Father Benoit took down with a malignant fever. All the medicine men exhausted their skill. In his lucid moments he gave the chief some instructions in regard to where he wished to be buried, in the top of a beautiful mound seven miles southeast, across the river Duchee. Like a noble oak he withered away and died, and

when they were preparing to anoint his body for burial they discovered around his neck a picture of a beautiful maiden, a keystone on which were these singular letters: H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S. together with his scapulary testifying that he had been loyal to his sweetheart, and his lodge as well as his church. The Indians and his assistant wrapped his remains in the most expensive furs and packed him in his birch bark hammock and took up their sad march for his last resting place. They dug a grave due east and west on the top of the mound and deposited a cross that the squaws had made of beads and hemlock and each one placed on his remains a sprig of evergreen as a token of their undying love for their friend and brother. They planted evergreens all over the mound and a large boulder at his feet, and the mound can be located to this day by the fact that the mound has never been free from the hemlock. In 1736 when Vincennes was destroyed by the Indians through the influence of British whiskey and treachery to the credit of the Indians, be it said that the log chapel with the cross on it, was never harmed, so great was the veneration of the Indians for the first Christian minister in Indiana.



COL. FRANCIS VIGO
BORN FEB. 12, 1740
IN SARDINIA.

COL. FRANCIS VIGO

Born February 22nd, 1740, in Sardinia, his grandfather was a man of great influence and wealth and had helped the Spaniards in many of their wars, and they felt so much obligations to him that they named one of their cities and bays after him. After Francis graduated, he went over to Spain, and being of a roving disposition joined in an expedition to the western world. On the way over to New Orleans, he noticed a peculiar pin worn by some of the Spaniards, and a warm friendship existing between them, in sickness or distress, and he determined to find out what it was. The pin was composed of a letter G within a square and compass, and upon inquiry he found that it was called by the name of Masonry, so when he arrived at New Orleans and became acquainted he joined the Ancient Order. Not wanting to tell his brother who lived in Paris, France, that he had left his church for a lodge, he sent him two taintypes, with the G, Square and Compass, on which were given to the historian of the Wabash Valley, when he was in Europe collecting the material for this history. At New Orleans he became acquainted with some Indian traders in furs, so he learned the language of the Indians and they all came up the river to St. Louis, Missouri, where they would have a broader field to work in. He crossed the Mississippi river and spent most of his work in Illinois. He was a man of the highest integrity, and this was the reason that the Indians all loved him. All his dealings with the British had been unsatisfactory. He found them false and overbearing, and whenever they could stab you in the back, they never missed their chance. At Kaskarkia when General George Rogers Clark proved his military ability, Col. Francis Vigo thought that he was the proper person to clean up the Wabash Valley, and turn it over to the United States, as the British had so abused the French. He told Clark that he would go over to the Wabash River and investigate the condition at the post under the command of Lieut.-Governor Hamilton. He did so and was arrested by

the British, but the Indians gave Hamilton to understand that he was their friend and support, and they would not suffer him to be harmed, and Hamilton was glad to turn Col. F. Vigo free. He went back to Karkarkia and gave Gen. G. R. Clark the full means of taking the old post from the British spoilers. Gen. G. R. Clark told Col. F. Vigo that the time of most of his soldiers were out and the money was lacking to pay them, so Col. F. Vigo gave him the amount required to use, and when the war was over he could have U. S. pay it back. Vincennes was more indebted to Col. F. Vigo than any one else, for he had not come to the rescue with the cash, Gen. G. R. Clark would never have taken the "Old Post" from the British. Vigo was delighted to put the English Catholic church out of business, and it was not re-established until after Vigo's death, when their pope, Queen Victoria, felt sorry for her followers and gave them one of the most valuable lots opposite the present city hall, but it was not appreciated, and when it became valuable they sold it and bought a lot opposite the first cabin that Col. Vigo lived in. The government gave it to the university, and it in turn sold it to Col. Vigo. It is the northwest corner of Sixth and Perry streets, and is occupied at present by a Bedford cut stone Presbyterian hospital as a memorial to Col. Francis Vigo and the continental Masons by Dr. Wilhelm T. von Knappe. Col. Vigo was honored by every position that he would take as, everyone had implicit confidence in his integrity, and it was a great oversight in U. S. not returning the money they borrowed of him before his death, but was left to his relatives to enjoy. He died in 1836, at the age of 96 years, and no man ever lived in Vincennes who had the universal love of the city, especially the French inhabitants, as did Col. Francis Vigo.





HON. HORACE SCOTT KNAPPE

Historian and Journalist

Was born at West Mendon, Monroe County, N.Y., August 17th, 1817. His uncle, Gov. Silas Wight, of N.Y., had his educational care, as his mother was dead, and father in poor health. He was educated at Geneva, Switzerland. When he returned, he had the army fever and wanted to help U. S. His father's permit and his handwriting, looks like engraving, as he was not of age, Gov. Silas Wright had noticed his wonderful talent for writing, so he persuaded him to go to New York city and learn every detail of the printer's trade in a book office, and it so happened that Horace Greely was in the same office, fitting himself to conduct a newspaper. They prepared themselves, so that, if a printer got drunk, they could get into their office and take any part, from the "devil" to the editor. After he had his trade, he went home and one of the belles of Scotland was visiting in that part of the state and they fell in love with each other. The result was he purchased a printing office, they got married and came to Ohio, locating at Maumee City, where Toledo is now located, and the name of his first paper was the "Manhattan Advertiser." Every winter he would ride horse back to Columbus, O., to report the speeches for his paper, as he had discovered a system of short-hand, while in college in Switzerland, and now he had an opportunity to prove it, by works. This brought him into prominence at once, and they elected him a mem-

ber of the house and President James K. Polk, of Tennessee was so pleased with his editorials that he invited him to edit the "Cincinnati Enquirer," to support his administration during the Mexican war, which was the only profitable war this country ever had. When our troops occupied the City of Mexico, by his night work, suffered a severe breakdown and his family physician, Dr. Freer, persuaded him to go on a farm, burn brush, and he did, for two years. He bought a section of land in Putnam Co., Ohio, running up to the corporation of the county seat, Kalida. During the Mexican war, there was an U. S. senator from Ohio by the name of Thomas Corwin, an Abolitionist, who voted against every measure to supply our soldiers in Mexico with food, and made a speech in congress in the midst of the Mexican war and said, "If I was a Mexican as I am an American," I would welcome the American troops with bloody hands to hospital graves, and Abraham Lincoln tried to starve the American soldiers fighting in Mexico, and repeated Corwin's speech in the House of Representatives, and he, in the "Cincinnati Enquirer," wanted President James K. Polk to have them hung. This made H. S. Knappe absolute authority on the first Republican President. When he recovered his health he moved to Columbus and became editor of the "Statesman." When the campaign of 1856 came on, Northwest Ohio needed uniting for the Democracy, so he was requested to edit a paper at Van Wert which he called the "Van Wert Constitution," and he brought that Congressional District "back into the fold." Next he was needed at Ashland, Ashland Co., Ohio, and he edited the "Union," and President James Buchanan was so pleased with his support in the campaign that he appointed him Past Master at Ashland. One day he took

Trivett to an Abolitionist shoe store for a pair of boots—he was trying them on and his father was back at the desk seeing about some advertising. A wild-looking man came in the shoe store with short hair and beard and called for the boss. He pointed to the desk in the rear of the store, and he went back and told the proprietor that he had just come from Oberlin, where the whites and blacks eat and slept together ever since 1835, and said he was raising money to buy “Pikes” to arm the slaves of Virginia to murder their masters, and showed his subscription paper and said “lookie” here, and there was the name of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., \$100. Well, the merchant said, I want the slaves freed but I am not in favor of any violence and Ossawantarie Brown went out of that store mad as a fool. H. S. Knappe says to Trivette, you are my witness, don’t forget, that liberal gift of A. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill. He told him he would not, as it reminded him of the prominent name of John Hancock, on the dedication of independence of the United States of America. When Gov. Wise, of Virginia, hung Ossawantomie Brown, H. S. Knappe in the “Union” wanted President James Buchanan to hang every aider and abetter, and this included A. Lincoln, as a donator, to buy pikes to arm the slaves of Virginia to murder the Anglo-Saxon descendants of Gen. George Washington’s assistants, who established the greatest republic in the history of the world. When the Electoral College decided that A. Lincoln was elected president, he resigned as past master at once, and they had to call an election to fill his office, among the Republicans, and a banker was chosen. In the campaign of 1860 H. S. Knappe was a supporter of Breckenridge and Lane and he saw that they were going to start a Douglass paper, so he sold out and devoted himself to writing a “History of Sutherland County,

Ohio," one of the most romantic counties in the state, and although he enumerated all the soldiers that went from that county to the war, which was born at Harper's Ferry, he never mentioned the name of the first Republican President. When he finished his history he moved back to Columbus. H. S. Knappe had a particular friend living at Louisville, Kentucky, by the name of George Davidson Prentis, editor of the "Louisville Journal." He supported the "Cincinnati Enquirer" when H. S. Knappe wanted Corwin and Lincoln hung. He was a great joker and called Horace S. Knappe and used to say "the reason Nancy Hanks called her son, with his sad face, Abraham, was that the boys would call him Ham, and the Hanks' were descendants of Ham. Mr. Prentis wanted President James Buchanan to hang the aiders and abettors of Ossawatimie Brown, was that it would prevent future trouble between the North and South. After the war was over his family were so prostrated, that he moved them up to Rochester, Minnesota, and established a Democratic paper, then called "The Federal Union." When they recovered he moved back to Columbus, Ohio. When the Biographical Society of Chicago, chose Horace S. Knappe as the proper historian, to write the "History of the County from Detroit to New Orleans," he moved his family up to Bryan, Ohio, to be nearer his work. He chose Vincennes to expose the traitor to U. S., because Lincoln crossed the Wabash river here in an ox cart and his worshippers knew Knappe had the files of the "Cincinnati Enquirer" during the Mexican war and the Ashland Union during the Ossawantimie Brown raid, on Hooper's Ferry, Va. Then Gen. Grant put a censorship on the press for 45 years, saying "nothing shall be said about the "Late Lamented." The

first part of his history he called the "Maumee Valley," and Governor Rutherford Burchard Hayes gave him privileges in the Ohio State Library that had never been given to anyone, that he dedicated the work to him. When he finished up Allen county, he could continue no further and knowing that he had raised Trevitt a Christian gentleman, he felt sure that he would not violate one of the ten commandments and dishonor his father, so he turned the Lincoln part of the history over to him. Knappe was always helping the poor boys in their start in life when he was editing the "Statesman" at Columbus, Ohio. He had a room adjoining his editorial room, with 12 cases, to teach boys the printer's trade. During this time there was a young man, who came in from a country town, by the name of Samuel Sullivan Cox. He gave him work as a local, and one beautiful afternoon he wrote a local on a lively sunset and the "Journal" ever after called him "Sunset" Cox, and it stuck to him through life. He went to New York and became a congressman which he continued to be until President Grover Cleveland appointed him our minister to Turkey, and his "Diversions of a Diplomat" is the finest history in the English language on Turkey. His first production was a "Buckeye Abroad," and Trivette had the first copy from the press, which he gave to his wife, out of the regard he had for the editor. While editing the Ashland Union he took a farmer boy by the name of Alfred E. Swineford, he went to Michigan, in the Upper Peninsula, and worked himself into a Miner's Journal, and he became such a prominent figure in the political affairs of Michigan, that they elected him Governor of Michigan.

Knappe asked Geo. D. Prentis, Esq., one day why the Kentucky people made such a fuss over Lincoln, and his

answer was, "Why he is the only President of the U. S. who ever had any nigger blood in his veins, see!"

The following was written by a worthy young gentleman who started in life: "Hon. Horace Scott Knappe, the veteran journalist and historian, is dead. Gov. Samuel Medary, of Columbus, Ohio, speaking of him 25 years ago, said: "He is the cleverest expounder of Jeffersonian Democracy in this land."

During the Mexican war he was editor of the "Cincinnati Enquirer," and sustained the administration of President James K. Polk. Afterwards editor of the "Statesmen" (Columbus, Ohio), "Ashland Union," "Van Wert Constitution," "Kalida Venture," Ft. Wayne, Indiana "Times and Sentinel," "Federal Union" going wherever he could do the most good for the Democratic Party. Whether in the legislative halls or with his pen, the great aim of life was the preservation of the Constitution and the Union of the Fathers of the Republic. In 1863 when civil liberty was assailed by the Monarchists in Ohio, he was the candidate for Treasurer of State on the ticket headed by the Hon. Cleant L. Vallandigham. The latter years of his life were devoted to historical writings. Gen. Hunt, of Toledo, Ohio, said, "He is the man above all others to write up the history of the Valley from Detroit to New Orleans as he was one of the pioneers of the valley himself, and familiar with the early French inhabitants." "The killing of Lincoln was such a shock to us all that he was determined to find out why the most talented Democratic actor of his day and the son of my teacher of elocution, would be driven to such a desperate proceeding. Gen. Phil Sheridan said he would go down to Washington with a bill of complaint and

would not be in Lincoln's presence 15 minutes till he would get his errand with his sad face and smutty jokes, but when he got off his smutty jokes on the Virgin Mary, it made my cheeks feel like strawberries." "Gen. W. S. Hancock explained why they turned John Surratt loose, after he was caught in the Egyptian Army in 1867, was he held J. Wilkes Booth's horse, while Booth went up in Ford's theater and plante a ball in Lincoln's eye for his smutty joke on the Virgin Mary, and if we had had known the cause at the time and captured Booth, we would have given him a chromo."

Judge E. A. McMahon had this to say of the Hon. H. S. Knappe, Gov. T. S. Hendricks, Hon. Pliny A Houghland, Hon. A. P. Edgerton, Hon. P. O. Rourke, of the Ft. Wayne Congressional District went over to Columbus, Ohio, to see whether he would not keep them as they could not carry Indiana without that distriect, which was in the hands of the Republicans by 7,000 majority. He did not care to go, but when Gov. T. A. Hendricks said Horace S. Knappe, we can't carry Indiana without it, J. Knappe told them to go back to Fort Wayne, buy the "Voksblatt," "Times" and "Sentinel" and furnish enough money to run the combination and give him "Paddy O'Rourke," for his local and he would go, which he did, and when the returns came in every Democrat was elected from Coroner to M.C. by 7,000 majority to the glory of the Democrats.

Hon. H. S. Knappe was very modest and would not permit any notice of him, if he could prevent. He was the most distinguished of the Knappe's in Paris, when the great gold medal of Paris, as a city, was presented to Gen. Pershing, one was also given to Rear Admiral H. S. Knappe.

commander of the American forces in European waters, at a reception at the Hotel-de-Ville. There are more Knappe's who have been given his initials than any Knappe who ever lived in this country.

During the Mexican war, U. S. Grant was a Democrat and soldier, and he knew that A. Lincoln was a traitor and he was foolish enough to think that if he would put a censorship on the press for 45 years, those in 1865 would not know, that he was associating with a monster who was a traitor to his country during a foreign war, but the foolish fellow forgot that "Truth crushed to earth would rise again." "The three proofs of Lincoln being a traitor to his country during the Mexican war are: 'The Congressional Globe,' 'Louisville Journal' and 'Cincinnati Enquirer,' all of which I turn over to my son, Tevitt, to expose Lincoln, the beastly traitor, when the time comes." "Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just."

Talk about the martyrdoms of Springfield where "that great heart and gentle mind" made a sacrifice of everything below Mason and Dixon's line and was the cause of a black spot. Never in the history of the world was there such a low monster occupying a position that he swept under false pretenses the greatest Democracy established by the Christian Anglo-Saxon, George Washington, into the Gulf of Mexico.

DR. WILLIAM TREVITT

Was the gentleman that I was named after. My father and he were fast friends. He was Auditor of State when my father was Treasurer of State.

He was a native of New Hampshire and was a man of brains and energy and everything he undertook was a success. He was Chief Surgeon on Gen. Zae Taylor's staff during the Mexican war, and he was so provoked at A. Lincoln for being a traitor to his country and trying in every way to starve our soldiers in Mexico, that when he returned to Columbus, Ohio, after the war, he took his second, a man by the name of Nevins, and went over to Springfield, Illinois, to challenge A. Lincoln to a duel, where they were shown the "Rail with a Plug Hat on," his second shamed him out of making a challenge to such a creature. Nevins was a brag and never went anywhere without taking a souvenir rack with him, and this time it was a copy of A. Lincoln's Saloon License, which he took back to Columbus, Ohio, and it fell into my hands.

In 1849 D. T. took the contract for treating the convicts in the State Penitentiary, and the cholera broke out in Columbus and spread to the institution and the doctor gave up his private practice and stuck to his contract. The result was that he discovered an absolute specific for cholera, and as neither of his five sons would be a doctor, it fell into my hands, and the young men of Columbus were given the example of Doctor Trevitt to follow through their lives.

The latter years of the doctor's life were spent in managing the Columbus Buggy Company, and a more reliable buggy was never made. Gen. Isaac P. S. Sherwood had purchased one and when he moved to Toledo he offered it to me at a liberal discount, and I took it to Chicago in 1872 and used it in that city for ten years, without a break.

No material was allowed to be used in the manufacture of the buggies but the very best of everything, and the result was the demand was greater than the supply. The first medical book I ever read was in his office, corner of 5th and Town Sts., when he and Prof. Dawson were partners.

There never was a gentleman living in Columbus, Ohio, who occupied a nobler place in the hearts of its inhabitants, and I have always felt a pride to think that my father gave me his name to carry through life. He and Col. Bryan and Hon. A. P. Edgerton laid out the Northwestern county in Ohio and he was so modest that he would not permit them to call this county seat after him, but turned it over to Col. Bryan.

The doctor used to observe that "it was a mystery why the greatest and most-talented tragedian of his day should stoop so low as to shoot in the eye the lowest monster of his time, until Gen. W. S. Hancock found out from John Sun-att two years after he was returned to this country, serving in the Egyptian army and had his trial, and when John explained the cause of the shooting, was A. Lincoln's smutty joke on the Virgin Mary, he was given his liberty unharmed, and had J. Wilkes Booth been captured, they would have given him a medal for bravery. The silly talk about aassassination was without foundation, as you only can perform that act from the rear and not from the front.

When Lee and Johnson surrendered in the place of disbanding, a lot of grand carpet baggers jumped into South Carolina to rob the Anglo-Saxon women and children of what the Africans had overlooked. The "K.K.K." got after them and they thought it would be right smart to go to Florida and plunder the sick Yankees that went there for the winter. They got possession of the British church and Masonic Lodge, had a seal, and if it was attached to any paper that did not suit their fancy, they would claim

it was "a counterfeit." The silly scabs did not know that was what a seal was for, and it never has been, nor never will be counterfeited. A Knox County, Indiana boy, by name of Richardson, saw a very mysterious fire on Rich Avenue, and went over to help carry out the furniture, and the owner of the stuff would not let him touch the goods, as he said it would interfere with his insurance. How much insurance would the Insurance Company pay this robber if he was their agent, if this gentleman had exposed his hold up. He was a follower of Lincoln and thought that everything was all right, provided you did not get caught. These scabs are driving out the desirable people of Florida, which were induced to locate there for her mild climate.

WHAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT ABE.

A number of years ago, I met at a book store on Washington street, Indianapolis, Maurice Thompson. He asked if I had any objection to his writing a novel on Vincennes, as he knew I had the copyright and I told him that it would not interfere with my "History of the Wabash Valley." A more beautiful novel was never written than "Alice of Old Vincennes." He introduced his Scotch friend, Paul J. Armitage, from Edinburg, Scotland, who was interested in the Zinc Mines in Missouri. We felt acquainted at once as we had both attended a Masonic Lodge in Edinburg. Armitage told me that he was going to collect all he could on the other side of Lincoln as his soldier friends could not understand how a fellow who was a traitor to his country during a foreign war, could be elected President of that country, and asked me to leave my address before the Sons of the American Revolution, which I did. He went over to Louisville, Ky., and got a "Louisville Journal," published by Geo. D. Prentiss in 1860, and used most of it. He was twenty years making his collection, and when done he wanted me to have it printed here so I could read the proof, but they could not print it here, so the next time Paul J. Armitage came here, I gave him his collection and he had it printed for his soldier friends and a few copies for his friends at Vincennes, but he was so long in making his collection, that most of his friends were dead. The summer of 1915, he stopped here one night and asked me as a Mason to show him where Judge Shaw, James Pritchette and Henry Badelette lived. At Judge Shaw's, Miss Wise took the pamphlet at Jim Pritchett, Baney took the copy with his mother, Henry Badelette was dead and Mrs. Kelso got his copy. In February, 1916 a foolish Black Brand got up in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church (the church that Abe Lincoln divided into two of the nastiest factions ever known in a Christian church) and wanted the U. S. to pay \$7,500 for the suit of clothes he was killed in, to a Jew. The next day those

ladies thrust those Armitage pamphlets into his hands to wake him up so that he would keep his silly tongue off from Abe Lincoln. The pastor had the church session call me to a meeting and accused me of insulting the ladies and children of the church in letting them see the pamphlet. I was shocked, but promised to apologize to the three ladies and advertise for a return of the pamphlets in the Capital. The three ladies said they were not insulted and wanted to know who said so, and I was ashamed to tell them it was the preacher.

I waited until Friday night and took the "Capitol" down to the Black Brand and called for my letter from the church. He said he would see. The next day I got a notice from the session, claiming that I did not realize the gravity of the charge. What lower charge could you make than to accuse a gentleman of insulting the women and children of the church when a child never saw the pamphlet. The next week they dropped me from the church roll for not keeping my promise with the session, and a nastier lie was never told.

On the 13th of September, the sheriff goes over to the Historians' Son, with a search warrant and arrests him, and his wife was so shocked that she never will hear again. He was told that the last copy was loaned to a silly K.P., who gave his honor that he would return it, but he never did, the only thing on the subject was an address before the S. A. R. that Paul J. Armitage left on his way to Scotland to join his company, but by mistake he left the printer's copy of his collection. That night he went to the Prosecutor's office with the proofs that he was innocent and asked him and his partner to nolle the case, but when he heard some female was in their private office, he ordered his K.P. brother out of his office, and had it published the next day in the newspaper what he had done. The silly pettifoggers did not know that you could not defame a dead rat.

The sixteenth of October here comes along an ignorant P.O. Inspector, and accused the son of sending obscene literature up to Spencer. His ignorance of the English language caused him to do this, as that was proven false by the highest authority in 1860, when that silly, simple Harriette Beecher Stowe accused Hon. George D. Prentiss of publishing obscene literature. She left the care with the Professor of English literature in Yale college and he said that obscene literature was obscene words and never was there in the newspaper, the "Journal," and a description was as your mind now if you were low minded, you would put a low construction on it, otherwise you would not. So you see she was low minded and the editor saved his \$1,000.00. That infamous lie made out of whole cloth, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written to get even with Kentucky ladies who would not associate with her, did more to prejudice the North against the South than anything that ever happened. The U. S. Marshal took the son of the historian up to Indianapolis and cast him in a federal prison, where he had to lay on a concrete floor seventeen nights without a blanket or food he could eat, and it was only when the warden told the U. S. marshal that he would not live another night, that a cash bond was accepted by that silly, pretended Federal Attorney from the wilds of Johnson county, who pretended that his prisoner's Masonic receipts from the highest Masonic Commandery in the West No. 1, was a forgery. That was never done and never will be done, that is what a seal is for. Not a Democrat or a Mason would go on the bond, and it was left to a lady whose Virginia Whig Pa who had voted for Lincoln twice because he was on his ticket, when the Honorable Judge A. B. Anderson saw through the conspiracy to rob an innocent man, through ignorance of law and the English language, he released him without cost or further martyrdom. Then the case came back to the circuit court, and as there was no law violated, a case had to be made up, pretending that the object of this wrath was ten years older than he was when his age was on record

with the Royal Acadians in the clerk's office. The charge of the court was \$25.00, and costs, \$250 lawyers' fees and robbed of his profession for being a true son of his honored father.

Lincoln had a spite at Vincennes. In 1863 he sent some brutal soldiers down to Vincennes to throw the Democratic paper, edited by Mayor George E. Greene's father, a grand old Kentucky patriot, and when they commenced their nasty work, they were told the Knights of the Golden Circle, were collecting, and they pried a few type and crossed the Wabash and never went to arrest Judge Niblack, who lived on the corner of Fourth and Buntin, whom Lincoln ordered to cast into Fort LaFayette and confined in a dungeon, as had Col. Mittigin and Col. Boles. James G. Blain of Maine, came to the rescue of these patients, and Gov. Morton decided he had better call Lincoln down, which he did. The soldiers, after they were scared across the Wabash River, camped up near Russellville, and would go to the farmers and order their meals from the ladies, saying that they would pay for them, but after they had filled their nasty carcasses would walk out and pay nothing. The most wealthy farmer within their circle was a son of the American Revolution by the name of William Lagow; they would steal his cattle, hogs and chickens, and when he wanted his pay, having no arms to defend himself, they arrested him and took him over to Springfield, Illinois, and Lincoln ordered a heavy fine imposed upon him for defending his own property.

Vincennes has eternally disgraced itself by calling its High School after a beast that did the city more harm than any one that ever lived. Why did they not call it after Maurice Thompson, the author of "Alice of Old Vincennes," one of the most beautiful novels ever written. Think of the Roman Catholics and Knight Templar allowing such infidel conduct when a majority of the taxes are paid by them. When the Masons dedicated this new hall, corner of

Fifth and Broadway, the only Knight Templar window in the city was destroyed, put there by one of the highest Masons in Indiana, because Lincoln would do so. When any nasty, low-down thing was mentioned, the first question asked is "what would Lincoln do." One night a feeble old lady was out late to see a sick son, and a tough happened to see her alone and says to himself, "What would Lincoln do?" and his murder of that old lady was too nasty to print over near Twelfth and Seminary streets. In Vincennes, there were three characterless pettifoggers, when they found out that the son of the historian had the absolute proofs that Lincoln was a traitor to his country during the Mexican war, concluded that as Lincoln would kill him and destroy his business and they came within one of accomplishing their dastardly conspiracy. When you go into an office and see a picture of Lincoln in the office of a man who was brought up a Democrat and Christian father, you may know that the son has become an infidel. Was it any wonder that the Second Indiana Congressional District, which is Democratic, was turned over to the Republicans with such a grafter as chairman?

That Lincoln statute which was discarded in Washington city should be sent down to North Carolina where the Africans landed when they came from Africa. We have enough black marks of Lincoln in Indiana.

Here is Lincoln, a saloon man from Illinois, wanted an easy job, so Lincoln asked E. M. Stanton to appoint him chaplain. Stanton asked if he was a preacher. No. He applied a second time and claimed he was. Stanton said he would appoint no one, not a Christian preacher, and Lincoln cussed the Christian religion and said that war had proven that there was no God.

King Albert of Belgium, visited Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Ills. All kings enjoy it as they know that Lincoln destroyed the greatest Republic that ever existed.

Only the other day one of the greatest President's homes in N.Y. City, was sold at auction, and one would think that there were enough Democratic residences there to buy and keep as the home of James Monroe, and if his principles had been observed, U. S. to-day would not be a bankrupt nation of a hopeless character. Why don't Miss T., a magazine scribbler, write a new book on Benedict Arnold with all her flourishes, who was not any viler traitor to Washington's Republic than Old Abe was during the Mexican war. What would you think of a fellow who would get up in a Pastime Club and eulogize the nastiest monster in the world's history, who ordered his patriotic and honored father to be incarcerated in a federal dungeon for being a Jackson, Washington Democrat? No S. A. R. would vote for such a son. Look at the infidel worship of the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church who can't have a luncheon except they have the picture of Lincoln hung up on the wall. The fellow that divided them into two of the nastiest factions in a Christian community, and when the Republican church over on Main street starved out, they begged to come over to the Democratic church on the corner of Fifth and Bussèron, and schemed to get possession of the session, and when they did under a black brand, they found out that a member was a Democrat, they would make up a lie and drop him from the church roll. When Teddie became a Lincolnite he became as big a liar, his lie about the Germans not liking the U. S.. They are just as true and loyal to our President as they were to their ruler in Europe. Lincoln used to say, "If I ever told the truth, it was an accident.

There was not a monster in the French Revolution that equalled Lincoln. Think of a beast that would go to a low-down Ford's theater to enjoy Laura Keane in the "Our American Cousin," when the Anglo-Saxon race were wiped out of the land of our George Washington. Voltaire was much more of a patriot. Nero fiddling when Rome was on fire or Henry the Eighth, the founder of the English Cath-

olic church, called Episcopal, cutting off the heads of his wives to get another, was nothing to be compared to Abe Lincoln's treatment of the Anglo-Saxon race below Mason and Dixon's line. No wonder the Pope kicked Henry the Fifth out of the Roman Catholic church. All Henry did was to translate the service in English, dropped out the adorations of the Virgin Mary, as he hated a woman, and the high church of England remains the same to this day. The Sovereign of England is their Pope.

In 1912 U. S. Grant's censorship on the Historian of the Wabash Valley expired and when "The Birth of a Nation" was displayed and Judge Christian's absolute proof that Lincoln was an infidel, was the reason that he did not keep the treaty he made with the South. It was amusing to see the hero worshippers of the beast rave through their ignorance of U. S. history, English Laws of Indiana, and the first time in the history of the world that the African was placed above an Anglo Saxon. Whenever you hear a pettifogger eulogizing Lincoln who pretends to be a Democrat, you may depend upon it that he is a Judas Iscariot to his parents. The idea of calling him the first American and during the "world war to know what Lincoln would do." If he did what he did during a foreign war when alive, he would have been a traitor to U. S. and put on a red cap and hurraed for the Kaiser.

WASHINGTON.

Text: Prov. 22:1. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold." Sermon given by a German Presbyterian Minister on "Washington the Christian, or Lincoln, Judea's choice, the Infidel."

Washington once wrote: "The good opinion of honest men, friends to freedom, and well-wishers to mankind, wherever they may be born or happened to reside, is the only kind of reputation a wise man would desire." ALL THAT Washington certainly received at the hands of his countrymen, and from the peoples of the earth. Our country has a priceless heritage in the memory of George Washington, and in him is illustrated the truth of our text: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It was on the 5th day after Washington's death, which occurred on Dec. 14, 1799, that a series of resolutions were introduced in congress by John Marshall, in the course of which he referred to him in these memorable words: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

I shall take George Washington not as my text to-night, but rather as an illustration of my text, largely because he stands out as the hero to every young American, and I want them to know that they have good reason to so choose him. He was not only the first president—that would make him a figure in history, but he was a noble man, and it is THAT which enthrones him in the hearts of his people. Well, said John Richard Green: "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life than Washington." On the other hand, let us remember that what Washington WAS and ATTAINED he was attained as a man among men. Sometimes youth is apt to set him

apart somewhere on a pedestal—as another kind of a being than the men about him, but he was only a man among men, and in the ranks of men he chose a good name rather than silver and gold.

It is necessary to say a few words of his youth, in which will appear his determination to choose a good name rather than riches; we will also see the distinct Providence of God. In the year 1743, when Washington was 11 years old, he lost his father; but there remained to him that greatest of all treasures—a godly mother, who had consecrated common sense. To her, in those early days, George was not a hero, but a boy whose character must be shaped and molded. She watched over her first-born with a jealous care. She hoped to lean on him in her old age, and she watched his early development with a solicitude a pious mother only knows. She saw in him those generous and noble traits which afterward distinguished him—marked with pride his manly scorn of a lie, his hatred of wrong and oppression, whatever form they took, and his enthusiastic love of the great and good. But she also saw a bold and impetuous nature, which, when thoroughly roused, was not easily laid—a fearlessness and recklessness of danger that made her tremble, and it was prayers and earnest teachings that she sought to place that nature under the control of reason and the law of right. Let us remember that in all great people—in all people who know things—are bound up the characteristics and passions, which, while they make great those who rightly use them, make the chief of sinners of those who use them wrongly. The SAME characteristics and passions will be found in the great wrong-doers and in the right-doers. George determined in his early life to use them rightly. Here are some of the great principles and mottos which he selected at the age of 13 as rules for the guidance of his conduct: “Gaze not on the marks and blemishes of others, and ask not how they came.” “Let your recreation be manful, not sinful.” “When you speak of God, or His attributes, let it be seri-

ously and in reverence." "Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor." "Labor and keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Learn from this, and in the emulation of these principles you will honor Washington.

And now I want to call your attention to at least two interventions of Providence. God had a hand in his early life; as He has in others. When Washington came into those years where his education had to be considered there was a choice to be made where to send him. That choice was confined to two things: Either the boy must be satisfied with the very common rudiments of education as could that day be attained in this country; or he must be sent to England. Mrs. Washington was not poor, and George had land in his own name, which came to him through his father. He was able to go to England and have a University education. Don't you see that the hand of God was in his choice to stay at home? Had George gone to England for his education, he would have come under influences which would have wholly unfitted him for the place assigned to him by heaven. But remaining among the hardy settlers in the midst of the primeval forests, trained in the rough life of the pioneer, learning the fearless independence and self-reliance of the people, knowing their needs and hopes, he became the true representative and leader of a people of whom he was one. God had meant for this country to be great and free, and He is preparing the man.

Here is a second intervention of Divine Providence: "It is not generally known that in his early years Washington received an appointment as midshipman in the British navy. Arrangements were made, and the boat that was to carry him across the sea was swimming at anchor in the Hudson. As he was setting out he saw tears in the eyes of his mother. That was enough; he turned back. On such small pivots swing the destinies of nations." Mrs. Washington said that she was blamed for standing in the

way of the fortune for her son by letting her mother-love interfere with her son's chances! But to-day we see the hand of Providence in it. Had Washington become an English sailor, he would never have become the Father of this Country. I might mention a third intervention of Providence. Early in life, in the year 1753—20 years before the Revolutionary war—Washington was appointed major in the Provincial Militia. Two years later, in 1755, he observed his colonel under the unfortunate General Braddock, on which occasion he exhibited proofs of his military skill, particularly in conducting the retreat of the army after the disastrous battle of Monongahela. Writing about it to his mother, he says: "The Virginian troops showed a great deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely 30 men are left alive. By the all-powerful dispensation of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability of expectation, for I had 4 bullets through my coat, and two horses shot from under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side." Doesn't that remind one of the saying, "The workman is immortal till his work is done."

In stature Washington was six feet three, and as straight as an arrow. It could be said of him, as of Saul of Israel "There was no goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upwards he was higher than any. But tall men are not always great men. There is many a tall building with lofts to let, and many a head standing above others with "nobody at home." But Washington's mind was commensurate with his body; and below his head was a great heart, and that heart given to God and humanity. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" was not a forgotten injunction on Washington. If a "good name is rather to be chosen than riches," then the word "Christian" must not be absent. There may be those accounted "good" men, but no one can be "best" man without being Christian. So at a time when infidelity was ripe

and the fashion, when Thomas Paine was mediating his "Age of Reason," when Franklin and Jefferson were assailing the faith, and when Voltaire and Rousseau were dreaming to destroy the Christian religion this man Washington was not "ashamed to own his Lord, nor blush to speak his name." He believed in the Lord and Saviour of Jesus Christ, and found his only hope of salvation in the Cross. He believed in the Bible and called it "the pure and benign light of Revelation." He found in it the riches of spiritual life. When he kissed the book at the time of his inauguration his heart was on his lips when he did so. He believed in the church and was not ashamed to own it. Himself was a vestryman in the Episcopal church. But he was no sectarian. He was a Christian above Episcopalian. When at Morristown with the army, and learning that the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the Presbyterian church, he asked if he might be permitted to participate; and did so.

He believed in prayer, and was not ashamed to let it be known. He prayed regularly, and he prayed especially when he felt the need of God's help most. So it happened that "while his army was encamped at Valley Forge a certain Quaker, as he was walking in the woods, heard a voice, and pushing his way through, he found Washington upon his knees his face uplifted and suffused with tears. At that time the Continental cause was at the last extremity. The troops were barefooted and hungry. Hearts were sick with hope deferred. The commander was presenting the case of his poor country at the throne of grace. Such a man of prayer is always a man of power. The great leaders in the struggle for human rights and freedom have ever been in close touch with God."

And then came the great struggle for the American independence, and Washington was made Commander-in-Chief in the year 1774. Of this great work I shall not speak; for it is well known. But at the conclusion of the

war a yet greater task than the command of the American Army devolved on Washington, and that task was the formation of a government for a free people. The nation which he had led to independence now demanded a government at his hand. The victorious General must pass away and the farseeing and conscientious statesman must appear. Had he been a self-seeker he could have chosen most anything for himself. "A good name is rather to be chosen than riches." He could have chosen a great name and riches at the time. Do you know that the army was back of him to make him a king, if he so desired? The officers of the army met and discussed this matter, and then an old and respected officer, Colonel Nicola, was empowered to sound Washington on this delicate point, and, in reality, the crown as king of America was offered by the army to Washington. But Washington had in mind the welfare of the people rather than his own. Should he become a king over a free people who had struggled so nobly for their freedom? Should he dash to earth the hopes which had borne them up in the midst of such trials and sufferings, and wrong so deeply human faith and confidence and rights by turning traitor to them by exalting himself. The very hint of the letter that HE might be capable of such a deed filled Washington with grief and resentment. Hear part of the answer to this letter of Col. Nicola: "Sir, with a mixture of great surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war have given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom unls, some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could

not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. . . . Let me conjure you then, if you have any regard for your country, and concern for yourself, any respect for me, to banish those thoughts from your mind. and never communicate as from yourself or any one else a sentiment of the like nature." How well the country did to call such a man—and to call him twice without an opposing vote—to fill the chair as the first president of these United States.

Such a man must be rewarded; and so the Executive Council of Pennsylvania instructed the delegates of the state after Washington had determined to retire from public office, to lay before Congress the question of remuneration for the long and faithful services of Washington. But Washington would have none of it. He said he had simple tastes and simple habits, and enough for his wants, he would only ask repose. So he lost the money and estates which the country would have voted him; but he gained the love and esteem even more than he had it before. This is what he wrote to his friend LaFayette: "Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all. and this, my dear friend, being the order of the march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

